

THO MATERIAL,  
WHY NOT IMMORTAL?

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OBERLIN SMITH



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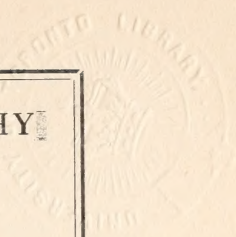
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# THE MATERIAL, WHY NOT IMMORTAL?

BY  
OBERLIN SMITH



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TO THE MEMORY OF MY DEARLY BELOVED WIFE,  
AND TO HER HOPE AND TO MY HOPE  
OF OUR MEETING IN THE GREAT  
UNKNOWABLE BEYOND



## A FOREWORD

In the *Andover Review* for September, 1887, was published an article of mine entitled "If Material, Why Mortal?" At various times since then I have given numerous reprints to friends and have been frequently offered suggestions that it be amplified and published in book form. Among these was an eminent and well-known Bishop who, like various other clerical friends, could see nothing in it antagonistic to the Christian religion.

In this little book I am following the suggestions above named, and have thought it best to publish the original article verbatim, making it the first chapter of the present book. Certain ideas which seemed somewhat prophetic have proved to be truly such, as e.g., certain improvements in the phonograph which really make it an instrument of precision, rather than merely a "horrible toy."

In the following chapters are offered various

analogies based upon discoveries in science made since the first article was written. Attention is also called to a few of the other books upon Immortality which have appeared in recent years, but no attempt is made at a complete list of such literature.

It is to be hoped that no readers of this little guesswork essay will regard the ideas suggested as attempted proof of the truth of any new theories. They can not be convincing because they are not based upon accepted certainties; they are simply *speculations* as to what may possibly be, their probability being strengthened where feasible by analogies in the shape of numerous facts in the domain of science with which we are all more or less familiar.

OBERLIN SMITH.

Bridgeton, New Jersey.

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THO MATERIAL, WHY NOT  
IMMORTAL?





# THO MATERIAL, WHY NOT IMMORTAL?

## CHAPTER I

### IMMORTAL HOPES

“Papa, papa, why did he die?” sobbingly cried my little girl as she buried her pet squirrel. And this is but the questioning wail that has rung down through the ages, from countless thousands of older tongues and sadder hearts than hers—why did he die?—yet no response has come.

That other question, “Shall he live again?” the anxious, hopeful, fearful riddle at which humanity is ever guessing, seems solved to many an earnest soul who, by faith alone, cries “Yes!” To many other just as truth-seeking minds the yes is but a wish, a prayer, a hope. To yet another class of minds the answer can be but “no,”—brings it them the resignation of despair, or welcome they their nirvana as a pleasant sleep.

Taking the human race as a whole, it has, and probably always has had, a most earnest desire to be immortal. It has often been said that this desire is in itself one of the strongest proofs of its own fulfillment. However cogent this evidence may be, it can but be regarded as circumstantial. A stronger proof perhaps would be the unlikelihood of such seeming cruelty on the part of a Creator as would be shown by the creation of a mortal race, many of whose members are cut off almost ere they enter conscious life, and many others of which live on but to one unending round of toil and misery and pain. This, too, is only circumstantial evidence,—and the great riddle goes on, challenging every new truth seeker to attack it, but repulsing all alike.

The question does not seriously trouble the unthinking herd. They believe in their heavens and their purgatories, their hells and their nirvanas, just as they happen to be born believing, and just as they happen to be taught to believe after they are born. Those men and women who think for themselves, however, may perhaps be fitly classed as either spiritists, agnostics, or ma-

terialists—in other words, as immortalists, don't-know-anything-ists, or mortalists. The first know all (or a good deal) about spirit; the second are serenely content to wait till they find out something; the third know that there is no spirit. The first class are presumably the happiest. They need no pity, and are only to be congratulated upon having been born with the kind of mind which can unquestionably feel the certainty of a happy immortality. Such people can hardly claim superior virtue for believing, as they were all created with a capacity to believe; nor should they condemn those with whom such faith is an utter impossibility,—whose minds are so constructed that they cannot know a thing unless it is demonstrated with the certainty of a proposition in geometry. The third class mentioned (to speak next of them) are certainly not to be felicitated upon a belief which condemns them to utter annihilation at any instant that a blind chance may decree to be the fitting one. They are, on the other hand, hardly to be pitied, for they seem as happy in their creed as do the immortals in theirs. Though frequently men of science, they fail to

be scientific, by jumping at conclusions which are but assumptions; and acquire a superior knowledge only by knowing too much.

To try to show that these materialists are but part-way scientists, who stop satisfied with such facts as agree with their own preconceived creeds and fail to recognize certain glorious possibilities which other facts may point the way to, is the object of this article. It may here be said that it is not the wish of the writer to ventilate any theological views which he may hold; nor does he intend to promulgate any positive theory regarding the nature of the spiritual life. He desires merely to point out certain scientific possibilities which to some minds may seem probabilities, and the consideration of which may be of comfort to some earnest, honest souls who can by no possible means accept any of the old faiths, yet who have left to them humanity's common yearning for a life to come. These men and women belong to the second class above mentioned, the great and growing army of honest doubters. They wish to believe only what is true, but the stern facts (such of them as are facts) of modern science have unsettled many of their in-

herited beliefs, and have so far failed to provide acceptable substitutes. For these people only is suitable such consolation as may be derived from a somewhat spiritualized view of some phases of nature. This consolation the spiritists do not need and the materialists do not want. It may further be said, in explanation of what is to follow, that all reference to scriptural teachings has been purposely omitted, and an attempt has been made to view the subject from the standpoint of the engineer and the physicist only.

Taking such a view, and reasoning from observed facts and phenomena, many men of a scientific cast of mind feel that they can but admit the truth of the proposition: (a) It is possible that there exists nothing but matter and motion. Such believers are possible materialists, and among them are many profound and conscientious thinkers. Those who go further, and say that there certainly exists nothing but matter and motion, are positively materialists, and are usually supposed to hold the belief that there can be no immortality,—that spirit is non-existent.

These materialists are, in their way, just as narrow-minded and unscientific as are some of the

extremists whom they condemn among theologians. They seem incapable of taking a broad view of Nature, and judge her ways through the medium of their own little vision, forgetting that some of the wondrous processes hourly going on around them in organic life, or perhaps in the domains of chemistry or electricity merely, are as marvelous, and as difficult to understand, as would be the truth of the following proposition: (b) Granted, that all things are but matter and motion, it is possible for man's existence to continue after death as an immortal spirit.

Assuming, then, the truth of proposition, (a) (without which assumption further argument would be unnecessary), let us seek for evidence in support of proposition (b), as the consolation desired in case the possibility implied in (a) should turn out to be a certainty. Some of this evidence it is hoped that the earnest student of nature may find in what follows,—it being remembered that for the sake of the argument do we assume the truth of the vital claim of materialism,—the existence of naught but matter and motion.

The objection offered by many materialists to any such possibility as the one under considera-



tion; that the visible matter of which the brain and nerves (wherein, by common consent, we all localize the mind) is composed is evidently disintegrated after death, and enters into new chemical forms,—or perhaps even into the brains of other individuals. The answer to this is, in the first place, that (c) the matter which we see in the dead brain may not be all of the matter which belonged to the matter-motion of the mind formerly seated therein, and may be its non-essential part only. In the second place, (d) the motion part of mind may, after the brain is dead, be acting partly or wholly upon other matter, in other forms, and yet retain its individuality. The truth of these two propositions might have hardly been conceivable a century ago, but the marvelous scientific discoveries of a few decades past have furnished numerous analogies which act as hints to further thought, and help to enlarge our conceptive powers, so to speak, in a remarkable degree. A few of these hints are, somewhat disconnectedly, given in the succeeding paragraphs.

We know but little of the relation of mind to brain, and that little consists chiefly of the fact that the gray matter, forming the outer, con-

volved part of the organ, receives and in some way stores up or records the sensations which are telegraphed to it, as it were, by the nerves and by the filaments of white substance which form the interior of the brain. Whether this recording is done by permanently changing the shape of certain particles of the matter, as in the tin-foil of the phonograph; or whether a set of special permanent motions are established which can at any time be "thrown into gear" again, so to speak, with the nerve fibres, to repeat the sensation; or whether there are a set of chemical changes made, as upon the paper ribbon of the Bain telegraph, or the plate of the photograph; or what else may happen, we do not know. We do know that a great many of the sensations experienced through life are stored up, and there is a strong probability that all of them are, because great numbers may be reproduced, and we cannot say of any particular one that it will not be recalled by a proper association of ideas. This process constitutes education and memory, and is the means of all knowledge and consciousness. A crude illustration of this action is found in the working of the phonograph, where the sound-waves in infinite

variety of combination, are transmitted by the air to the instrument, there recorded permanently upon tin-foil and afterwards reproduced as often as desired and retransmitted upon air-waves to where they are wanted by some listening ear. A more striking analogy would be found by taking that to-be-invented instrument of the future, a transmitting phonograph or recording-telephone, or "telephonograph," as it might, perhaps, better be called. The gray matter of the brain would here be represented by the tin-foil (or the enormously better recording material that will probably be substituted for it, when the phonograph shall cease to be but a horrible toy and shall develop into a form more worthy of one of the greatest and most original inventions of this or any other century), while the connecting nerve filaments would be represented by the telephonic wires to and from the distant points communicated with. The electric current would, of course, represent the "nervous-fluid," whatever that may be.

Carrying on the analogy of the phonograph, an illustration may be made of the idea expressed in proposition (c), by supposing a sheet of thick

paper to be used instead of tin-foil whereon to emboss the minute indentations representing the sound vibrations. Suppose this paper to be carefully burned so as to leave a film of ash, such as we have all seen in the fireplace after burning a piece of newspaper, the printed words thereon still being plainly legible. This film would have upon it the original phonographic record, and yet it would not be the visible material on which this record was embossed. It would be but a part, and a very small part, of that material, and, apparently, the most delicate and ethereal portion,—though, of course, chemically speaking, really the most earthy. It would be easy to imagine a sheet of material thus embossed, of such a nature that the outer part, constituting the principal bulk, would fall off in visible dead ashes, whilst the film containing the record would be so thin and light as to float almost invisibly away upon a breath of air. And here the suggestive thought comes in that its visibility or invisibility would depend, after all, upon the kind of eyes that looked for it,—and in how dim a light they gazed, for we mortals see some things but as “through a glass, darkly,” the Scriptures tell us. We have in the above

illustration a rough analogy with the idea expressed in proposition (c) of the actual preservation of a portion, perhaps almost infinitely small, of the material of the brain,—enough, however, to contain the mysterious record which we call consciousness, and memory, and knowledge. Who can say that this is absolutely impossible, in the light of what we already know about the various states of matter, and more especially in the darkness of what we don't know?

Our forefathers knew of the solid state of some things and the liquid state of others; and presently they found that air and other gases were things. Then came the discovery that one state might sometimes be changed into one or perhaps two of the other states,—that wax would melt, and that water would freeze or boil. Now we know with reasonable certainty that any substance may exist in any one of the three states; and the brilliant experiments of Professor Crookes and others, in radiometry, are giving us glimpses into the border-land of a possible fourth state of matter. What other states there still may be beyond, we as yet have no conception. Neither can we conceive of the characteristics peculiar to these pos-

sible undiscovered states, and although we might suppose a series of increasingly ethereal conditions to be less and less capable of retaining any kind of permanent impressions, or cycles of specialized motions (just as is a gas less capable than a liquid or a liquid than a solid), yet we cannot feel sure. This is especially so in a time when the hypothetical luminiferous ether itself is thought by some eminent philosophers to be only matter in a condition wholly different from anything with which our senses are familiar, and in some respects even more like a solid than a gas, although lying at the outer boundaries of imponderability and tenuity. Such remarkable qualities as are attributed to it by Sir William Thomson, in his vortex-atom theory, where it is supposed to be a sort of jelly-like solid, incompressible and perfectly frictionless, are suggestive, if nothing more. While still considering proposition (c) it may be well to answer a possible criticism to the effect that an exceedingly minute portion of matter could hardly contain all that is stored up in a human mind, by asking how it is that the nucleus of a certain microscopic germ may hold within itself all that by heredity can come to

an individual, in mind and body,—special talents, capacities for good and evil, a hundred peculiarities of temperament and face and voice. And, too, this same germ enshrouds all that goes to make the difference between a Newton or a Shakespeare, and the snake or toad which may be the product of some certain other like appearing germ.

Should there, however, be no truth in the above hypothesis (c) we have perhaps more probability in proposition (d), wherein the motion part of the brain-action is supposed to continue with new matter to act upon. This does not seem so absurd when we consider its analogy with a phonograph record-sheet, which should be made of a substance that would petrify so that all its original constituent matter would disappear and be replaced by new and more permanent material, while its shape would remain unchanged in every detail. Another illustration of this idea may be found in the well-known fact of the transposition of matter in living organism, even our own bodies, and the total substitution of new material every few months without any change of form. This transposition takes place slowly in the cases known to



us, where solids and liquids are concerned, but we know of no reason why it should not occur very rapidly, at the death of the brain with some higher form of matter as its subject.

The above illustrations are adapted more particularly to the idea of the brain records being a matter of shape, which somehow (perhaps in a manner analogous to the phonographic action) reproduces at the proper time the necessary motion to be sent into the nerve-fibres. The whole thing may be easier of conception, however, if we regard it all as a question of continuous special motions, and the material substance involved as merely a medium of the motion. A third idea was mentioned (see page 16) in connection with brain records, namely: chemical action. This it is hardly worth while to consider separately, in these days when even chemical action seems as if it might be but a question of dynamics; and when we are beginning to call upon atoms and molecules (whatever such may be) to wheel into line under the command of the mechanical engineer.

Whether, then, this assumed continuity of individual brain-action goes on with new matter as a medium, or whether it be a part of the old, does

not signify. The probabilities would seem to be in favor of its being an ever-changing one, just as is the substance of our earthly bodies. In any case we are met with the grand and pregnant possibility that the universe teems with spirit-life which is but the logical continuance in a higher state of that which was born and nurtured here in a lower; that finer and more delicate forms of matter are as capable of caring for and localizing the wondrous set of motions called a "mind," as are the few ounces of brain-cells that a chemist may reduce in an hour to common earths and gases; that such a development from little beginnings to great endings is a human soul, with its glorious capabilities and its infinite aspirations, can find as fit a home in a higher state of matter as in its lowly earth-born domicile, whose crude and faulty construction protects not its divinely formed inmate from being snuffed out like a flame at the touch of disease or accident.

In accordance with the law of recompenses which seems to prevail largely throughout nature, the very enlightenment of the present age, which has begun to cast doubt upon and weaken the steadfastness of many comforting old beliefs, has

given us some hints toward a knowledge of the luminiferous ether, and has shown us that the universe must be full of media, which are capable of maintaining and transmitting forms of energy transcendent in their delicacy or sublime in their immensity.

If, as will be explained more at length in succeeding pages, certain of these media can easily keep records of all the disturbances in their substances which we term sights and sounds, each perfectly individualized though interpenetrating to others, nothing too unimportant for notice, though it be but "a sparrow's fall," does it not seem, by an ordinary process of analogical reasoning, to be more than possible—even probable—that the sets of movements which constitute the phenomena of mind are also taken care of? Why should these, the most important of all, and the ones upon which depends the value of all the rest, be neglected? I say the value of all the rest, because we can conceive of no value or purpose in the creation and continuance of the universe without intelligence to observe, appreciate and enjoy. And surely the grandeur of creation would be sadly wasted on us (and on such as we in other

worlds) were our existence limited to the stunted, uncertain and abbreviated condition which we call mortality.

That matter is capable of an infinite variety of motions, its particles acting and reacting upon one another throughout the universe, seems to be an accepted fact. Just as the ripples flow outward from the pebble thrown into the sea, to a distance we cannot estimate, and perhaps "go on forever," even so flow on the sound-waves from every tone of nature's organ,—and who shall say when and where they absolutely cease? And if our hollow ball of air should fail them, by proving to have a definite outer limit, and the outlying ether should take them up, it would surely be no more strange than the fact that such waves can be transferred to the piece of twine in a "lover's telephone." Indeed, to use the beautiful words of Professor Jevons, "our whole atmosphere" (and the firmament beyond, I would add) "may be one vast library, on whose pages are forever written all that man has ever said or even whispered. There, in their mutable but unerring characters, mixed with the earliest as well as the latest sighs of mortality, stand forever recorded vows unredeemed,

promises unfulfilled, perpetuating in the united movements of each particle the testimony of man's changeful will." An analogous fancy in regard to light-rays may, I think, be found somewhere in Dr. Dick's works, though I do not remember in which, or even if it be original with him. He speaks of the probability of all events which have ever occurred upon the earth being now actually visible at some place in the universe—just where, depending of course upon when the event happened, and upon how fast have travelled the particular set of light-waves which once made it visible here. The only conditions, therefore, which are necessary for the grand panorama of the world's history to be shown to a sentient being, while it is actually happening, is that he shall have a sufficiently delicate eyesight, and shall be able to fly through space somewhat faster than does light, that he may catch up, so to speak, with any event that he desires to witness. A speculation of similar character may, if I remember rightly, be found in one of General Mitchell's astronomical lectures. That these startling fancies may be sober facts; that all space may be one great phonograph and one great photograph,

wherein has been and shall be forever recorded the history of the universe, is no more inherently unbelievable to the student of science than are a thousand phenomena which are daily going on before his eyes.

If, then, when Newton's apple fell, the earth rose to meet it, just its own share of the distance and every moon and star responded to the disturbance; if, as would seem to be the case, each atom in the universe is acting upon or influencing in some way every other atom, by sound-waves, or heat-waves, or light-waves (visible or actinic), by waves of electricity, by magnetism, by gravitation, by a hundred other mysterious forms of energy about which we have not yet learned; if this influence of matter upon matter is, in kind, independent of its quantity, however minute, and its distance apart, however vast; if this action has gone and can go on through all time, however infinitely long; if it is all-permeating and can go on over and through other trains of action, as ripple rises over billow, as in multiplex telegraphy message crosses over message, each maintaining its individuality intact; if, furthermore, all these actions can be infinitely vast or infinitely delicate

—then why should not the wondrous and complicated train of motions which we suppose to constitute a human mind, create upon some form of matter, within or around the brain which is their mortal seat, an influence as subtle or subtler than themselves? And why should not this new train of action have, in its turn, a power to grow and develop to infinity, free from the trammels of its earth-born parent? And why should not this entity be called an immortal spirit?

If the proposition that matter can be spirit, and spirit is but matter, were more than an hypothesis, and if the time had yet come for its demonstration, it is difficult to see why the theologian should be stricken with horror thereat. The conventional theologian undoubtedly would be so stricken, just as he was when Galileo's mighty arm revolved the earth (against his mandate) and sent him whirling with it, out from his ancient matrix, until he struck the rocks of modern Geology (fossil meeting fossils) when the new and greater horror overpowered the lesser till it in turn dwindled to a rudiment in its struggle for existence with the greatest horror of all, Evolution. And yet, no more than in the proved facts of Astronomy and



Geology, or the probabilities of the Development theory, is there aught in the possibilities of what we may term Spiritual-Materialism to conflict with the great truths of morality and religion; with a pure life and the Christian's hopeful death; with the existence of a happy Heaven and the ever-presence of a loving God.

If we search for the difference between our theologians' traditional spirit-spirit and our hypothetical matter-spirit, we shall find it to be in name only, as far as character and attributes are concerned; but the latter has the merit of being conceivable and capable of being reasoned about, while his is but an abstraction—at least it seems so to the class of minds for whose edification these pages are prepared. These earnest souls are living interrogation-points seeking always to penetrate the Arcana of Nature and of Fate. Perchance to them mostly, rather than to the Spiritists on the one hand or the Materialists on the other, must we look for the gradual evolution of those facts which, all in good time, will make so sure and easy the reconciliation between Religion and Science. These men are asking such questions as those we have here discussed, and,

looking at the mighty enginery of their Creator with a reverence impossible to the mere materialist, they would further ask: Why, in the light of this truth-finding nineteenth century, should we continue to degrade matter as but of "earth, earthy?" What but the action of motion upon matter are all the sounds and sights that stir our emotions and rouse our souls to highest pitch of sorrow or joy? Does it not, indeed, almost deify matter to us to know that by certain purely mechanical peculiarities of its arrangement and movement we have the sunlight or the shade; the painted glories of the evening sky or the darkness of a midnight storm; the smile of love or scowl of hate; pictured faces of dear ones in the photograph, or their voices over wires from far away; the roar of thunder or the cricket's chirp; the din of battle, with its shrieks of pain, or the heaven-born cadences of a Nilsson or a Malibran? And do we not know that these things, and all the other wondrous work going on among the elements, in the domains of physics and chemistry, or crystallography, or plant-life and sentient organic life, in the realms of astronomic space, where a great world may be ages in whirling about

its orbit, or where the ether atoms may propel radiant energy by traversing their little paths eight hundred trillions of times in a single second, are only the changes that the chimes of God are ringing upon that which we call matter? Being certain, furthermore, that matter is the vehicle and agent of all our consciousness, and that only through it as a tool do we feel or know or act or think; that here in our earthly life it is the medium of hope and joy, of conscience and of love; that its capabilities are so vast and yet so delicate;—shall we, can we, positively say that the matter which has so well served us here shall fail us when “the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken,”—when the heart shall cease to beat and the busy brain to throb? Knowing all the brilliant, but as yet dimly revealed possibilities which we can even now catch glimpses of as we stand on the border-land of science, can we do less than seek consolation for those whose faith reaches but to the conceivable, with the ever-recurring question, and the answer attempted in these pages, *If material, why mortal?*

## CHAPTER TWO

### THIRTY-THREE YEARS LATER

Soon after writing Chapter One, but before it was published, I happened to see for the first time a copy of that rather remarkable book "The Unseen Universe" issued some eight or ten years earlier, and better known in England than America. Its gifted authors, P. G. Tait and Balfour Stuart, take the same general view that we are herein considering regarding the potency of matter to include spirit, but their treatment of the subject is different enough not to tempt me to cry out, with Sydney Smith, against "those confounded ancients who were always stealing our ideas." The general conception of all this is probably nothing new, as doubtless many thinkers have also speculated upon the influence of brain-action, upon lifeless matter never being wholly lost.

The authors in question, however, have gone more deeply into the subject, although their

startling and ingenious hypothesis of spirit-life existing in a dual universe, which is, in a sense, the complement of this, and in which a train of motions are set up (through the ethereal medium between) by the movements taking place here, making our spirits contemporary duplicates of our minds, as it were, may perhaps not be as plausible as the idea expressed in these pages of continuity of existence merely—the spirit succeeding the mind after the death of the body. Neither does their view of the probable final extinction of the visible universe appear as tenable as one which would allow for an infinite number of new sidereal systems to grow and disappear, during and throughout an infinity of time and space.

I am not familiar with much of the recent literature upon this subject but have looked over a number of the little volumes upon immortality published in Boston under the general title of the "Ingersoll Lectures." It is hardly worth while to consider them here in an analytical way, as there seems but little in them in harmony with the idea of a spirit emanating from earthy matter. I find a few of them denying any existence of a future life. Some of these writers believe in the

immortality of the Race, and the existence of a universal rather than an individual consciousness. Most of them, however, are glowing with the hope and the firm belief in an individual eternal future. None of them attempt to show how such a future could be attained with the embodiment of only matter and motion.

During this last third of a century, so far as I am aware, nothing new has been added to the world's knowledge in actual *proof* of Immortality, altho there have been written interesting speculations which are but speculative—even if based upon positive facts. In the way of suggestive analogies, however, several new and remarkable discoveries in the realm of physics have been given to the world.

Among these is the development of radium, that curious element which seems not only to have stored in itself an enormous amount of energy but to be capable of giving this forth in a remarkable way by actually sending out its particles (said to be some billions per second) without much apparent exhaustion of its substance, and this at enormous and unthought of velocities, ranging from 10,000 to 100,000 miles per second.

Such action is suggestive of the use of small quantities of matter in an unexpected way.

Another remarkable development is the practice of wireless telegraphy, wherein the matter constituting the sending and receiving instruments, together with the matter or non-matter which some of us term the *ether* of space, is subjected to a variety of motions in the form of vibrations which may include thoughts of all kinds as well as speech in any language for expressing them. And these are propagated thru thousands of miles of space in a few moments of time.

Still more remarkable is the success of wireless telephony, where words or any other sounds are transmitted between the earth and flying-machines, in either direction, thru miles of space, regardless we assume of the presence of the atmosphere therein.

The phonograph in its various forms, referred to in the previous chapter as but a "toy," has become one of the wonders of the world—with its power to store up any kind of sound whatsoever, for an indefinite time, and in such a way that it can be duplicated from the original matrix to any extent desired. Furthermore, all of these dupli-

cate copies of such sound-records may be stored so as to perfectly reproduce at any future time all of the sounds recorded, always exactly alike and available one-thousand or ten-thousand years hence, as well as now. Here is a case of a mere machine, and a very simple one, which has, within certain limits, an infinitely better and more accurate memory, so to speak, than has the keenest human brain.

Another wonder of the world, altho still in its infancy, is the making of moving pictures. The beautiful, yet simple, machinery employed in this art does for vision what the phonograph does for hearing. By its use all and any kind of motion occurring in animate and inanimate objects is shown with almost life-like accuracy and, as with the phonograph, a duplication to any amount of the original picture can be obtained. Here, too, we can get repetition to any amount, at present or at future times as the centuries pass. This art altho now somewhat crude will doubtless be greatly improved, so that all of the most delicate shades and colors in nature will be reproduced—instead of the pictures being made in the black-and-white only, as now.



Furthermore, it probably will be possible in the future to synchronize the work of this machine with the phonograph so that not only motions, but sounds accompanying them, will together be produced, thus giving a complete reproduction of co-related sights and sounds, happening in the wilds of nature or by humanity in all of its phases, together with the action of other living creatures. An incidental feature with both of the instruments in question is the advantage of being able to alter the speed at will, thus producing faster or slower action in moving things, and sounds of higher or lower pitch, than evolved originally.

Various other machines, having almost super-human qualities in their own particular line of effort, are of the type represented by the Jacquard Loom; the automatic player used on pianos and organs; the monotype machine for casting and setting up type in printing offices, etc., etc. All of these machines obediently perform their work, and every time exactly alike, in obedience to an act of some human brain which, thru its nerves and finger muscles, has caused certain rows of holes, in specified positions, to be punched in rolls

of paper or sheets of cardboard. These holes afterwards govern the motions of warp-threads in weaving some beautiful and artistic fabric; or so control blasts of air as to actuate at the proper times the valves of an organ or the hammers of a piano; or, in the type-machine, the position of the various moulds to be filled with molten metal—all obeying the will of the master brain and duplicating its thought as desired.

In the case of all the machines mentioned, from the phonograph down, we have an analogy of human memory. A certain thing is learned and, in the case of memory, can be repeated more or less perfectly, altho subject to eclipses and lapses, an indefinite number of times. With the machines in question, this memory is perfect and we are sure that whatever has happened can happen again at will, exactly the same way as originally.

It is worthy of remark that all of these mechanisms are versatile, and usually not limited to any one act of memory. The phonograph can handle innumerable record-plates or cylinders; the picture-machine an indefinite number of films; and the other less important machines can perform whatever is given them if supplied with the

rolls of paper or cards pertaining to each individual performance.

As a striking analogy between human memory and the first named of these important machines, let us imagine a very small phonograph, which we engineers know would be entirely possible to produce, of the size say of an ordinary watch. Such a machine could be made which would utter a hundred or two words and would talk for a minute or two, loud enough to be understood by good ears. It could be placed in a small pigeon-hole say two inches square by one inch high and, furthermore, it might embody a little electric motor so that it could be stopped and started at will by a current in its wire connections.

Further, if a million of these instruments were placed in rows of racks or cases grouped as closely together as possible in a room which would contain them, say about fourteen feet square by twelve feet high, each of these little machines would have a disk on which would be briefly recorded some event as it occurred—or perhaps some argument upon any desired subject. To these suitable conducting wires would be so grouped that certain two or more of them would

contain associated ideas; that is to say, when one had said its say, its stopping would throw into action its mate nearby, or in some other part of the room. Thus the history of one event would be suggesting another one and so on, there being perhaps many strange combinations.

The operator of all of this mechanism could, by touching a button, start any one of these little phonographs and it might start others—by wire-connection, or perhaps by sympathetically tuned sound-waves, or ether-waves. Another time some different touch would produce audibly a variety of other information, and so forth. In general, an apparatus of this kind would be a great *memory machine* with a record of a million events ready at hand, any one of which might appear and might cause others to appear. This whole affair may perhaps form a suggestive analogy of what we can imagine might take place, and perhaps does take place, in a living brain.

An important fact in connection with this idea is that altho we have imagined a small room full of apparatus the same result with some analogous mechanism might all be contained in a tiny space of microscopic size, when using molecules, atoms

and electrons as the component parts of the machinery, instead of the wheels, pivots and springs measured by visible distances, counted on one's pocket rule.

Herein, it seems to me, lies the possibility and the hope that almost any desired effect of a psychological kind can be obtained in the most minute yet conceivable spaces because of the exceeding smallness of the ultimate particles of matter and of the enormous speeds capable of attainment by these tiny entities.

No anatomists or psychologists, nor the rest of us, have ever been able to give us an acceptable idea as to the *modus operandi* of the brain in storing up the impressions received in the past by one or more of the five senses, and yet we know that within any adult brain there must be millions of such impressions stored, any one of which may happen to be recalled by the function that we call memory; usually perhaps by some associated recollection. We never know which one of these millions may be called forth at any given time, but as we cannot know which ones may happen to be totally forgotten we must assume that they are all there.

If, as seems probable, these items of stored up knowledge are located, respectively, in certain parts of the brain and consist of certain motions and positions of the molecules and smaller units, constituting the brain cells involved, then we wonder how there can possibly be room for all the millions of these little storage places with their contents classified as might be letters in the pigeon-holes of a post office or in the card-indexes of a big library. The only plausible answer to this question may perhaps be conceived when we consider the minute size of these molecules, each made up of one or many atoms, which according to the estimates of Sir Ernest Rutherford have room to move about in spaces numbering about four sextillions (4 000 000 000 000 000 000 000) to the cubic inch of brain matter. Furthermore, each of these little atoms is supposed to contain or be composed of numerous "electrons," now thought to be the ultimate "units" of matter. When we consider these figures, altho we ourselves may not possess pocket-rules or calipers for measuring the diameters of the atoms, we can easily imagine that there is room in a brain for very many athletic performances by such tiny

particles. It must be remembered that if their positions in relation to each other govern the effect produced, a slight change in the position of one or more in a group may produce entirely different results, just as would the transposition of a very few notes in an elaborate symphony.

If we take a general view of Nature, with her wonderful variety of organic life and its constant reproduction, and of the marvels of crystallography in the realm of inorganic matter, positively knowing of no things but matter and motion, we can but conclude that all of the living phenomena known to us must be due to the various groupings and the relative motions of the cells in the organic being and of the molecules within these cells and of the atoms within the molecules and of the electrons within the atoms. Fortunately for our logic, these particles of matter are so almost infinitely small that there is ample room for very many combinations. Considering the laws of permutation we get by changing the relative positions of the particles as well as the amplitude and the velocity of their motions, a number of effects produced which to our finite

minds are inconceivable. These effects, seen in the creation of the innumerable living creatures upon this earth, are sufficiently wonderful, but more so when we consider all the marvels of reproduction and how the tiny seed or egg will only produce a creature of its own kind without perceptible variation—unless by a long term of changing environment. Furthermore, we know that each of its descendants has the same power and thus the whole plan of nature grows more and more bewildering. How indeed are we to realize the ancestral power of the germ of a sea-urchin—itsself an organism composed of very many atoms, and yet so small that there is space for a hundred-million of them or so in a cubic-inch? Furthermore, how curious is the fact that another tiny germ of a certain lowly weed is no smaller than an apparently similar one which produces an enormous tree growing to thousands of years old!

In view of the facts regarding matter that have already been ascertained by the physicists and chemists, we can but regard any portion of it as an intricate machine with its particles always in motion, acting and re-acting upon each other. The



wonderful changes made in the action of these particles by different relative groupings of the different sorts of molecules is well known in chemistry, which indeed we may nowadays consider to really belong in the realm of mechanics. It is difficult to see why some changing of grouping or proportion of certain particles instantly converts a harmless gas or liquid or solid from a nourishing food into a terrible explosive.

Altho we cannot, and probably never shall, see the mechanism of the presumable interlocking of molecules in different ways, we may perhaps consider certain analogies which suggest some possibilities of molecular mechanics. If, for instance, all of the numerous parts of an elaborately complicated repeating-watch were disassembled and then again put together as they belong, it would go on indefinitely with its usual motions. If, however, some one, or a few, wheels that happened to fit in each other's bearings were transposed, a totally different and chaotic result will be produced. The action of this watch comes thru a train of all the important members, from the main-spring down to the second-hand. The final motions are correct because so many teeth of a

driving cog-wheel will engage so many teeth of a driven one. If, however, some wrong number of teeth should by transposition occur in any wheel the relative motions would be entirely different. Many other analogies of this kind could be shown in the realm of mechanics, whether the component parts be large or small.

We cannot see, in mechanical action or brain action, how one set of atoms grouped into a certain form of molecule can interlock it, or a group of them, with some other molecule, or groups of them, in various ways and produce the marvelously different effects that ensue. We can hardly conceive of these small particles having projections like wheel-teeth which engage as do the teeth in watch-wheels; but we do know that there is some action there—and we expect it to remain a mystery.

Even if we could comprehend the structure of molecules and understand their mechanical actions upon each other we have a greater mystery in the modern study of electricity. We seem to be learning more about this marvelous agent, and we have divided it up into so-called electrons without any agreement among learned men as to whether each

electron is matter of some kind or merely some form of wave motion of other matter. Furthermore, we cannot agree whether the stuff that seemingly fills all space outside of ponderable matter is matter itself in some other form, or whether it still should be called "ether," as it has been in recent years. There is some talk of its *being* electricity. Others fancy that currents of electricity may be holes in the ether; but so far we are very much in a fog.

Referring to proposition (c) on page 17 of Chapter One, it would not seem inconceivable for enough of the tiny particles employed here in this life as a part of the machinery of the human brain to escape thru space and somewhere form the nucleus of a renewed life; just how and where and when is beyond our conceptive powers. This idea does not support the doctrine of the "resurrection of the body," which by the absolute laws of physics is hardly tenable—especially in the case of a cannibal having eaten up a missionary, or where a man has fallen into a crucible of molten steel, at a temperature of three or four thousand degrees, and is instantly resolved into

a few elemental gases. Such latter event, it must be admitted, tends rather to weaken this whole proposition.

Referring to proposition (d), upon the same page in Chapter One, we have a set of motions in the brain matter which are supposed to act upon some other matter somewhere in the space forming the universe, and in such a way as to retain their individuality. This seems to me more conceivable than does proposition (c). We might in this case, imagine a group of motion-waves sailing out afar into space, as fast as they were generated, to await the arrival of the soul from which they emanated. This fancy would seem to strengthen the idea of duality set forth in the "Unseen Universe." Here, however, as elsewhere thruout the marvelous planet on which we live, we at present at least must blindly grope, and merely hope for that we wish.

There are in this world two ideas of which our finite minds can have no conception, and these are the infinity of time and the infinity of space. If time once began we immediately ask: "What happened before that?" If it is ever to stop: "What will happen after that?" And in the same

way regarding space, we ask if it goes out only to some certain place, perhaps decillions of miles from here: "What is beyond?"; if beyond that, "Where does it stop?"—and there we are, blind bats with no prospects of mortal vision.

There are in nature many things which the most profound knowledge and study have not yet enabled us to understand; among these are gravitation, magnetism and electricity—but further searches into science may sometimes show us the why and how of these marvelous, unknown phenomena. We must, however, feel certain that time and space are infinite, altho with our present kind of brains, we have no idea even what the term means, nor shall we probably ever know in this world.

It is certain that, in accordance with various facts discovered in the domains of Astronomy and Geology, this world as a planet is not infinite but that it had a definite beginning in some gaseous, nebular form and that it probably will end sometime in the same condition, perhaps being absorbed into our sun, or other suns. Doubtless the same may be said in regard to the other planets and their satellites in our solar system and, if so,

we must by analogy attribute a like finite beginning and end to other solar systems, the central suns of which are what we call the fixed stars.

We call the whole group of these, which according to recent researches in celestial photography exist by thousands or millions, as suns of solar systems about which we know something but very little, "Our Universe." The questions then arise, Are there many such universes, and how many, and are they separated distinctly from each other? And all this leads us to the conundrum, "How large is space?" A tiny portion of this space is represented by the distance from here to the nearest star, Alpha Centauri, which is calculated to be about 25 trillion (25 000 000 000 000) miles.

I am told by an astronomical friend that with one of the latest improved telescopes and by the aid of the modern improved methods of star-photography as many as one-hundred-and-fifty million stars may be perceived. Furthermore, a larger instrument in the course of development will probably double this amount. These stars are too far off for us to measure their distance from us by any system of parallax, but by the aid of the spectroscope and other improved apparatus,

whole universes seem to have been discovered as independent units and of an approximately disk-like form, rather than in spherical or irregular groups. It is also supposed that our own Universe is somewhat in the form of a flat disk. Such shapes would suggest that various bodies composing these universes were revolving about some axis and also suggest a construction which we can readily see, on a much smaller scale, in the rings of Saturn.

The distance of some of the furthest stars that have been discovered seems to be something over one quintillion miles or, as expressed in figures, thus: 1 173 942 720 000 000 000. Furthermore, the light of some of these orbs, travelling at 186 000 miles per second, requires something like 200 000 years to reach us; so that in gazing at them we really are looking away back in history.

It is interesting to reflect that space is occupied with these separate universes, rather than with a conglomeration of stars scattered at random a few billion miles apart. Thus we see the vast apparently empty spaces between these marvelous disk-like groups. All of this further suggests that there is plenty of room out there for all kinds of

other existences than those that we know of, and plenty of other places for their location.

The other conundrum: "How long is time?" is of course unanswerable, but we do know that it must take many millions of years for a planet to develop from a nebulous condition to a solid earth fitted for life; such life itself again takes long ages to develop into anything like humanity. It has recently been reported that fossil germs for the production of some low order of life have been discovered in rocks which were some 33 million years old. We can feel sure that sometime our race, and all other life upon this planet, must come to an end, probably within a few million years.

A possible melancholy condition of a certain English landscape is vividly portrayed in Mr. Wells' fanciful little book "The Time Machine," where the last living creatures, some sort of loathsome lizards, slowly crawl upon a devastated shore and with them all animal life has bidden farewell to an earthly home. The Earth has stopped and a small, dark-red Sun watches its decease. Not looking so far ahead, the eminent



and accomplished Hutton, one of the fathers of our modern Geology, away back in the last century, wrote regarding the earth's structure: "We find no vestige of a beginning and no prospect of an end."

There have been many speculations regarding the inhabitability of other planets than the earth, and some writers have gone so far, even recently, as to suggest a strong probability of our little world being the only home of life, altho it is true that our physical researches in our own system show the probability of most of our planets (with the exception of the earth and of Mars) being either too old or too young for the support of life. There seems, however, to be no inherent reason why each one of such planets should not reach and maintain for a while such a condition, all at the proper time of its career thruout the course of ages.

Furthermore, how can we conceive of the thousands of millions of suns, or some of them, not being surrounded with planets, as is our own sun? We have watched their movements, we have analyzed their chemical constitution and we find that they are made of some of the identical ele-

ments, as hydrogen and oxygen, together with a number of metals, which are familiar to us upon this earth. It is, therefore, inconceivable that they should not behave to a greater or less degree as does our sun, and should be surrounded, as he is, by children of their own. Assuming this, why should not the solidification, cooling and gradual life-development take place upon these planet offspring as well as upon those of our own sun? If all of this is true, we must consider many other possible sentient beings, akin more or less to humanity, who are as likely to have souls as are we ourselves. An amusing travesty upon such a speculation as this is found in Mark Twain's little book: "Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven." Such yarns are of course valueless from a scientific or religious point of view, but are rather suggestive regarding the immensity and character of space.

## CHAPTER THREE

### SOME CONCLUSIONS

Our assumption of the possibility, or at any rate the conceivability, of an immortal spirit emanating from matter and energy by the laws of physics is of course open to numberless criticisms, and to almost unanswerable objections. The most obvious of these critical questions might be: "*Where is the spirit world?*" If we think of it as on this earth, it would not be eternal, because the earth will probably disappear sometime into fiery gas, as it doubtless once began. If not here, how could there be a happy eternal home in the bitter coldness of space with millions of little meteors and larger satellites constantly flying around the earth and elsewhere thruout the solar system? If it is beyond our system we could hardly escape being bombarded at some time by other suns, and planets, and satellites, and meteors, belonging to other systems.

The only plausible solution of these difficulties

might lie in placing such a future home in some far-off regions of space where perhaps entirely new conditions exist, of which we have no idea, and where we would not be interfered with by rude bodies of matter whirling at enormous speeds with alternations of terrific heat and cold down perhaps nearly to the "absolute zero." This, measured by the Fahrenheit scale, is about 459 degrees minus.

Leaving these shockingly pessimistic speculations, let us consider the idea that we may find many other worlds far more lovely than this—perhaps progressively so as time goes on. And, furthermore, we need fear no final end because as planets, and systems, and universes are born and live and die, new ones are preparing for us thruout the infinity of time and space.

Another objection which may be offered to the doctrines that we are considering would be: "Why should not such material-made souls emanate from animals as well as from man?" This would not be difficult to conceive did it only concern such creatures as our lovely, faithful, honest and humor-loving friends, the dogs—and perhaps some other loyal and sensible creatures.

If, however, they are to dwell in the ranks of the immortals, why, logically, should not all other creatures, even down to the wicked tigers and the mean-spirited mosquitoes? We cannot conceive of a heaven filled with these and the innumerable other creatures that dwell upon this and other worlds.

It would seem, therefore, that we must draw a line somewhere; and it would probably be based on the idea of certain *critical points* in almost all realms of nature where certain things go so far and no further; while others, having a slightly better advantage, go beyond the line and enter entirely new realms. This principle we see in nature in many ways, as where a certain tiny stream may rush forward and grow until it becomes a river, while its neighbor, a similar one, under the same primal conditions, dries up and disappears—owing of course to some change of environment.

In regard to such drawing of a definite line of demarkation between a future life for animals and men, John Fiske, in his very interesting Ingersoll Lecture, "Life Everlasting," speaks of the idea held by many people that Nature is accu-

rate in all of her work, without violent leaps. In questioning this view he speaks of her sometimes making prodigious leaps, and cites a fact in connection with conic sections which obviously shows a peculiar jump of this kind. His description reads as follows: "Slowly grows the eccentricity of the ellipse as you shift its position in the cone, and still the nature of the curve is not essentially varied, when suddenly, presto! one more little shift, and the finite ellipse become an infinite hyperbola, mocking our feeble powers of conception as it speeds away on its everlasting career."

This critical line, in the case of mankind, may lie somewhere between the highest apes and the lowest Bushmen or Hottentots; but again we have another of the mysteries that we cannot solve. Such unsolvability surely should not discourage us when we consider all the other tremendous mysteries of Nature which are constantly and familiarly about us in everyday life.

Without attempting to analyze or correctly define the words "immortal spirit," there are two essential attributes which must be present and

these are consciousness and memory. Consciousness would doubtless include will, volition and other functions of a happy being, but without consciousness there would be nothing; without memory a soul would have no identity and therefore would not know who it was, or rather who it had been; neither would it recognize its friends. Such a doctrine has doubtless often been formulated and believed and especially, to my own knowledge, by a dear friend of mine, now dead, who was a profound mathematician and physicist as well as a loyal churchman. His doctrine seemed to me a foolish one, as of what possible use would our spirit life be to us if we did not know who we were, or who were other people whom we had known. We would then simply be *new beings*; and there certainly would be little satisfaction in anticipating here such a personnel for the hereafter.

Taking a more extreme view, might not the whole ego, after all, consist of nothing else but a series of memories? If we say we're conscious of the *now*, isn't it a memory, for it takes some appreciable fraction of a second for an event

appealing to some one of the five senses to reach the brain. Thus it becomes a *then*. And might not this bunch of memories, transmitted in some way thru the ether, to somewhere, form the nucleus of the renewed and glorified spirit who would have an infinity in which to grow and develop by the accretion of new sensations?

And, if in a future life we thus are so fortunate as to know ourselves and possess our own identity, then shall we not also know our loved ones and have an answer for our longing cry:

“O for the touch of a vanished hand  
And the sound of a voice that is still”?

The doctrine of “Metempsychosis,” believed in more generally in olden times than now, especially by Plato and his followers, is conceivably true, but extremely unlikely and unsatisfactory. It not only includes the immortality of any animal or plant but embodies the loss of identity, referred to above as fatal to the value of a future life. Thus if a soul could not know who it was when last on earth, nor know whether previously it had been a turnip, or a sunfish, or an elephant, in



various stages of its existence, it would have little satisfaction—unless indeed it could find that some historian had written its full biography.

In studying these questions we must admit the fact that many wise and conscientious students of the Cosmos, good-hearted man-loving men, have declared absolutely for materialism. Among them Metchnikoff has more mildly written, "The idea of a future life is supported by not a single fact, while there is much evidence against it." Aside from a very general belief among good people in all ages, and certainly by the tenets of a number of the great religions, that immortality is a fact, no one has ever offered logical or genuine proof thereof. The existence of such a general feeling and belief is a strong argument, but we again must give the verdict "not proven." We can hardly conceive of a normal-minded, wise and happy human being not having an intense longing for immortal life, altho we doubtless all have met with friends who have expressed themselves as entirely indifferent to existence beyond the life of this kindly and cruel world—a world

full of "nothing but trouble and satisfaction, all the way thru," as a favorite uncle of mine often described it.

In concluding the guess-work of our previous pages let us again recur to these three conceivable possibilities:—

Firstly: that all things living may be mortal only, and that the Materialists are correct in their beliefs.

Secondly: that certain portions of matter, or groupings and motions thereof may in some unknown and marvelous transmutations become immortal spirits, living forever somewhere in this or some other Universe, and

Thirdly, that there exists something entirely outside and beyond matter and motion which we call "spirit," but regarding the constitution and location of which we can have no conception; and that from this will be made the souls of all human beings, and presumably of other similar beings living in myriads of other planets.

Either the second or the third proposition is entirely consistent with the beliefs of Christianity and various other great religions. The probability of the truth of one or the other of these

doctrines is strengthened by the very general belief in a future state of existence which has been so nearly universally held by all nations in all periods of history.

We lack, however, positive proof of all this altho, especially in recent years, some perfectly honest people, among them eminent men of science, have thought that they received communications from a spirit world. These phenomena may perhaps be accounted for by the problematical and unknown science of Telepathy, so called. This seems to be something yet undeveloped about which we may learn much more in the future, and facilities for the practice of which may gradually develop in the human mind. As far as the faint evidence that we have goes there may be some vibrations from the movements in a human brain sent forth thru the ether of space which, somewhat in the manner of wireless telegraphy, start in motion certain particles of some other brain which happens to be adapted to respond to them, thus sending knowledge from mind to mind. A so-called "medium," whether honestly or not, may give out what purport to be sayings or signals of a departed spirit which

embody certain facts that the said medium has received by telepathy from the person who has the knowledge that is stated to be verified by the spirit. Of all this we doubtless may learn more in the future.

It would, however, be foolish to deny the possibility of communicating spirits existing around us here—as now believed by some scientists of the highest reputation. And may not this idea also be included in our galaxy of speculations?

To my mind the strongest evidence for immortality as in the second or third of the above propositions lies in the existence of Evil, and the logical supposition that a just and merciful Creator will not make it permanent. We are surrounded by evil of every sort and we can but realize constantly the terrible cruelty of the world, not only of man and all other living creatures in constantly destroying and devouring each other, but in the absolute cruelty of Nature herself when overpowering us. Witness the cold of the arctics, the burning heat of the tropics, the overwhelming power of winds and tidal-waves and of the lightning. Consider also the hundreds of cruel diseases, the births into poverty, incompetency and

crime, together with all the other ills that we see about us.

When we contemplate the wonderful ingenuity displayed in Nature with her many glorious productions in plant and animal life, and the perfect governing of the tremendous forces in the heavens with millions of huge suns and planets whirling in their orbits in obedience to some great and wonderful law, we can but believe that some recompense will be made in the end for all of the suffering of living creatures thruout the Universe.

Of God's goodness and human gratitude therefore, we find enormous tribute in the literature of the world. What, for instance, can be more beautiful than the lines of Whittier's hymn: "The Eternal Goodness," reading:

And so beside the Silent Sea  
I wait the muffled oar  
No harm from Him can come to me  
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift  
Their froned palms in air;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care.

And listen to Addison, in his "Cato":—

It must be so,—Plato, thou reasonest well!  
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
 This longing after immortality?  
 Or whence this secret dread and inward horror  
 Or falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul  
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?  
 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;  
 'Tis Heaven itself that point out an hereafter,  
 And intimates eternity to man.  
 Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!

The soul, secured in her existence, smiles  
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.  
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
 Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;  
 But thou shall flourish in immortal youth,  
 Unhurt amidst the war of elements,  
 The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.

A very, very strong point for immortality would seem to be its avoidance of the terrible *unfairness* of the enormous mass of suffering, occurring sometimes entirely thruout whole lives, unless some *recompense* shall come. This idea has been vividly portrayed, with the remedy for the unfairness, in Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," where he makes dear old Doctor Primrose philosophize as follows:

"Heaven gives to both rich and poor the same happiness hereafter, and equal hopes to aspire

after it; but if the rich have the advantage of enjoying pleasure here, the poor have the endless satisfaction of knowing what it once was to be miserable, when crowned with endless felicity hereafter; and even tho this should be called a small advantage, yet being an eternal one, it must make up by duration what the temporal happiness of the great may have exceeded in intenseness."

May we not hope for a realization of this ingenious proposition—and happy will we all be if we can realize the power of one of the grandest phrases of Holy Writ, set forth by Abraham: "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"









Relig.  
Theol.  
S.

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